

UTOPIA:

OR,

1488 f. 15

APOLLO's Golden Days.

—*Licet a Pico numeres genus*—

Juven. Sat. viii. V. 131.



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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE following sheets were begun, soon after the EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S return to *England*; and were designed to contain an abstract of the most remarkable passages of his excellent government.

His Lordship's unexpected removal to another station, having rendered the author's work abortive; he determined to destroy it; but he was hindered from executing that intention, by the humanity of a certain GREAT PRELATE, to whose commands he justly payeth the highest deference: and he added a conclusion of eighteen lines, the abruptness of which

is accounted for, by what hath been said already.

However, he entertained no thought then, nor for many months after, of committing this little piece to the press; for he was in daily expectation of seeing his noble subject treated by some abler pen, and in a style and verse more suitable to the dignity of such a topic.

But finding, at so great a distance of time, that the inexcusable modesty of better writers hindered them from undertaking that task, he ventured, at last, to let his low, jingling *Hudibrastics* see the light, rather than to have our national gratitude unjustly called in question.

As this is his first appearance in public, *without a mask*, he hopeth to be kept in countenance by the good nature of the judicious critics, who are always the most tender; and he promiseth to be, for the future, *much less troublesome* than the generality of those, who have once had the misfortune of being seized with the dangerous and *lasting itch* of scribbling.

UT OPIA, &c.

ALL curious poets keep a muse,
To bring them hints of foreign
news :

Else, how could earthly writers tell
What's said in Heav'n, or done in Hell;
Or, with exactness, know what feat is
Perform'd within the realms of *Thetis*.

This privilege of ev'ry dunce,
I am resolv'd to use, for once ;
And make my muse relate affairs
Transacted far above the stars.

Now, Goddess, sing, while I sit by :
So others do ; and so will I.

Horace,

Horace, our well-beloved friend,
 Says (ode the second, near the end)
 That *Merc'ry*, by command from *Jove*,
 Resign'd, a while, his seat above ;
 And made the earth his dull retreat,
 To save the sinking *Roman* state :
 But ponder'd long, before he came,
 Whose shape to take ; what fav'rite name.
 At last, the form of *Cæsar*'s heir
 Seem'd best, to make him welcome there.
 To work he went, in masquerade,
 With his own arts of peace and trade :
 Then, having set all matters right,
 Flew up, and wish'd 'em all--good night.

So far he tells you ; but the rest
 Expect from me, who know it best.

The God, elate with conscious merit,
 For having shewn such public spirit,
 Came in, and, with a cheerful air,
 Said—Brothers, I have done th' affair.

But

But some, like envious, furly clowns,
 Receiv'd him with ill-natur'd frowns :
 Others began to scold and hector,
 And swore he should not taste their nectar,
 Since he had stain'd his quality,
 By mingling with mortality.

But *Jove*, at last, with royal *fiat*,
 Order'd the grumblers to be quiet.
 Their worships, fearing what might come
 on't,

Grew mute as fishes, in a moment :
 And gen'rous *Hermes* calm'd his fire,
 With an *Adagio* on the lyre.

Thus, many ages past above,
 In usual harmony and love :
 But Heav'n, of late, was all distraction,
 And, more than ever, rent in faction ;
 Caus'd only by a wretched isle,
 On which we thought no God would
 smile :

Not stor'd with wealth, nor blest in air :
 No useful *Plants* could ripen there ;
Mismanag'd by th' unskilful hinds,
 Or nipt by chilling *Eastern* winds :

Or

Or if they flourish'd for a Day,
 They soon became some *Insect's* prey :
 For many such infest the soil,
 Devouring th' honest lab'ers's toil ;
 * So venomous, that some had rather
 Have, in their stead, the toad, or adder.
 Unhappy isle ! scarce known to Fame ;
DUSTOPIA was its slighted name.
 Pure incense was her only boast ;
 Best product of her *pious* coast.
 In clouds of this, the natives strove
 To waft their ardent pray'rs to *Jove* :
 In vain ; some *spirits*, in mid-air,
 Dispers'd the incense and the pray'r.
 At last, as *Jove* hath watchful eyes,
 He saw the smoak attempt to rise,
 And drove away, with angry frown,
 Those spirits who had kept it down.
 " Be gone, said he ; for though 'twas you,
 " Who or should know, or really knew ;
 " † Yet

* I have ventured at this assertion, presuming on
 the disagreement between Naturalists and Moralists,
 concerning this point : for the former maintain, that
 no venomous animal can live in *Insulâ Sanctorum* ;
 but the latter hold the contrary opinion.

“ † Yet * * * * * distress
 “ * * * * * it less
 “ * * * * * supine
 “ * * * * * decline
 “ * * * * * mystery
 “ * * * * * history.”

Then to *Apollo* thus began.

“ Haste my beloved friend to man :

“ Fly to yon barren, dreary shore—

“ Thou know’st my will—there needs no
 “ more.”

Again a God forsakes the skies,
 To make a sinking nation rise :

But

† This being the first time that I endeavoured to talk myself with *bouts rimez*, in imitation of the laborious Monsieur *Ménage* ; I entirely failed in the attempt. However, I have preserved the rhymes carefully, that they may serve to exercise the fancy of some more industrious and successful genius. But I cannot pass over this place, without animadverting on the laudable œconomy of some *Gallic* bards, who thankfully accept any poetical *selvage*, which is offered to them by a friend, or a mistress ; although it putteth them to the trouble of *weaving an entire new piece*, in order to match that *scanty present*.

B

But needs not study, to assume
 A shape, as *Maia's* son for *Rome*.
 To mortals, STANHOPE he appears,
 Come to dry up *Dustopia's* tears.
 No name so lov'd, nor form so fit,
 To shroud the sprightly God of wit.
 Loud was the cannon's warning thunder,
 Which kept the gazing clouds afunder,
 And drove intruding mists away,
 To usher in that glorious day :
 Yet, louder much the gen'ral voice,
 Applauding Heaven's bounteous choice.

And now, already, all the land
 Reaps blessings from his mild command.
 With friendly care, he wisely shews,
 Whence fair, *unenvied* commerce flows :
 Points out their useful † staple-growth
 (Sole remedy for native sloth)
 And opens their lethargic eyes,
 To make them grasp the yielding prize.
 || He makes their long-neglected trees,
 Serve to enrich, as well as please.

† Then

† Flax and hemp.

|| The colonades in the Phoenix park.

† Then he directs their rusting tools,
 In just *Palladio's* lasting rules ;
 And (miracle of modern story !)
 To give the structure greater glory,
 The princely cost *alone* defrays,
 With gold from his *pure*, splendid rays.

|| Next *Vulcan's* art he recommends,
 (The joy of *Bacchus* and his friends)
 By which the mimic-chrystals rise
 In various shapes, of various size.
 And as we are by chymists told,
 Of transmutations into gold,
 By furnaces reverb'ratory,
 Hotter than *Romish* purgatory ;
 So these can claim no other *fire*,
 Than the stupendous force of fire.

B 2

As

† The beautiful alterations in the castle ; the magnificent dancing-room, &c. and particularly the *Corinthian* pillar, in the center of the ring, which was erected, entirely at his Lordship's expence.

|| The making of bottles had been attempted unsuccessfully in this kingdom : but, by his Lordship's recommendation and encouragement, that art is in a fair way of being brought to perfection among us.

As for their *mother*—well—no matter—
 Ye rigid critics, make no clatter :
 For modern fimiles no more
 Run, like the old, *upon all four*.
 These were in vogue in early days,
 When muses fung in smother lays ;
 But those, by hobbling, are much fitter
 To keep pace with harsh, hobbling metre.

This short digression being ended,
 I turn to what I first intended.
Papyrus too, celestial weed,
 He bids them rear, with utmost heed ;
 Employ'd at first t'adorn the † shrine
 Sacred to *Phæbus* and *the Nine* ;
 And therefore cultivated most,
 Of old, on learned *Egypt's* coast :
 Yet, much debas'd to use prophane ;
 To fell revenge, or fordid gain.
 So the new world's fam'd *Machinel*
 (If all be true which trav'lers tell)
 Partly affords a pois'nous juice,
 Applied to darts, for hellish use ;

And

† A library.

And partly yields the savage brood
A mealy substance, fit for food.

Learn here, what gave *Papyrus* birth ;
Who sent the useful plant to earth.
Minerva quite enrag'd, to see,
Arachne weave as well as she,
Tore her own handy-work to tatters
(Can Goddesses resent such matters !)
And, as mere shrews we often find do,
Threw it all out of Heaven's window.
But now, attend to what more odd is.
Those *rags*, the labours of a Goddess,
Nurs'd by the soil which they fell on
(No less than fertile *Helicon*)
Produc'd, at once, that wond'rous plant ;
And happy those who got some on't :
For the rich crop, † in days of old,
Was worth, at least, its weight in gold.

No

† Some of my friends think that this hint is too partial, in favour of the ancient authors : and they alledge, with great truth, that *some modern orations, epistles, and odes*, excel the strength of *Demosthenes*, the politeness of *Pliny*, and the tenderness of *Anacreon*.

But

No Vervain, by ten thousand odds,
 Seem'd half so fragrant to the Gods ;
 'Till it began to lose their favour,
 For want of its *old genuine flavour* ;
 And grew as little fit to please,
 As tallow after ambergris.
 Yet, to preserve some use divine,
 'Tis offer'd to dame *Cloacine* ;
 And gives the poet *ample room*
 To celebrate *Minerva's* loom.
 Here, peevish folks will cry out—pshaw !
 What means this dull † *galimatias* ?
 This interlarding of digressions,
 Enough to tire an angel's patience ?
 This is Sir *Hudy's* bear and fiddle,
 Half fung ; then—broken in the middle.

But

But I am humbly of opinion, that the flight of a few,
very few swallows, about *Parnassus*, is no sign of
compleat summer there, more than in other parts of the
 world.

† A *French* word, applied to nonsensical jargon ;
 corrupted by our vulgar into *gallymashty*.

But pray, firs, have you never read

SWIFT,

Who, in his *Tub*, when at a dead lift,
Has even, wisely brought in fashion
Writing † digression on digression?
What you account poetic fin,
Shews true poetic discipline:
To right about—to left—to rear:
Then, in an instant—as *you were*.
Now I resume my fav'rite tale,
TH' IMMORTAL VICEROY's matchless zeal.

While thus, with more than parent-
care,

His eagle's eyes dart ev'ry where,
He spied, amidst that loyal place,
Some remnants of the || *Titan* race;
Dwindled in spirits, wealth and force;
And therefore peaceable, of course:
Their actions such—dubious their will;
For Titans might be Titans still.

For

† Section the 7th of the *Tale of a Tub*.

|| *The Romanists.*

For these, no *tortures* he prepares :
 He scorns obedience due to fears :
 Sincere obedience he exacts,
 Wrested by force of—bounteous acts.
 Transported with unhop'd for joy,
 His praises all their tongues employ :
 All vow an undissembled love
 To him, and, † for his sake, to *Jove*.

Nor is his active, boundless mind
 Wholly to greater things confin'd.
 Superior evils once redress'd,
 His care extends to all the rest.

Close to the || fane of JOVE SUPREAM
 (To the wholethoughtlessnation'sshame!)
 There was an edifice § obscene,
 By dæmons rais'd to *lawless gain*.

Within

† Many of our *Titans* made that declaration,
 during the short triumph of rebellion.

|| The royal chapel in the castle.

§ The groom-porter, suppressed by the EARL;
 the situation of which, made these old lines appli-
 cable :

“ Where God erects an house of pray'r,
 “ The Devil builds a temple there.”

Within the dome, in *Bas Relief*,
 With folded arms, fat pensive grief.
 Half hid behind, was anxious shame,
 Looking ascaunse at tattling fame.
 Next, writhing anguish ; then, despair,
 Arraigning heav'n, with threat'ning air.
 Fraud, with a mask, in various parts
 And attitudes, play'd all her arts :
 Here, bowing by soft *Gallic* rules,
 To dupe the vain and wealthy fools ;
 There, strutting like a *Spanish* bully,
 T' intimidate some dastard cully.
In alto, ruling fortune shone ;
 An orb upheld her tott'ring throne.
 At her right hand, in high-rais'd tiffue,
 Plenty, her fav'rite, pamper'd issue :
 But, on her left, in tawdry figure,
 Dissembled want, with aspect meagre.
 Not far off, stood a leering imp,
Pluto's valet and faithful pimp ;
 Well loaded, like a wand'ring quack,
 With, cheating med'cines on his back :
 Salts, spirits, burgundy, rouleaus,
 To ease the bubbled, squeamish beaus :

Pistols and swords (hell's contributions,
 For those of *hotter constitutions*.
 Amidst the shrine, an altar stood,
 Often prophan'd *with human blood*.
 Here, in the guilty shade of night
 For guilt, like moles, abhors the light)
 The votaries used to assemble,
 Whose *screaming pray'rs* made Heaven
 tremble.

On spotted cubes they fix'd their looks
 (Such were their cabalistic books)
 And, as they read each hellish page,
 Roar'd out with joy—or frantic rage.
 These, wise APOLLO chas'd away,
 To pine and die, in open day.
 Yet, pleas'd to get such happy riddance,
 Allow'd their † priest a proper pittance.
 The crumbling ruins still remain
 Mementos of his prudent reign.

This nuisance gone, his decent care
 Turns to a || purer house of pray'r ;
 Where

† An equivalent given to the patentee.

|| A chapel for the soldiers, in the barracks.

Where sons of *Mars* might daily praise
 Their tut'lar God, in pious lays.
 Encompass'd by th' applauding nation,
 APOLLO laid the † wish'd foundation ;
 And, that it might more firmly hold,
 Cemented it with || binding gold.

Among the MANY in that land,
 Whom he redress'd with gracious hand ;
 § There was a thrifty, harmless swain,
 Worn down by years, fatigue and pain ;
 With seeming-thoughtless, easy mien,
 Yet, much a prey to gnawing spleen,
 Contracted by *long, fruitless toil*,
 In cultivating *barren soil*.

||| TREBATIUS, learn'd, polite, humane,
 Took pity on this pining swain ;

Led

† It had been long designed, but never begun,
 until the EARL's government.

|| His Lordship's generous present to the work-
 men, when he laid the first stone.

§ The author.

||| The Lord Chief Justice *Marlay*, to whom the
 author had applied that name, on a particular occasion,
 too tedious to be mentioned.

Led him to good APOLLO's throne.
 And made his tedious suff'rings known.
 APOLLO, straightway, fought and found
 † A vacant spot of sacred ground ;
 And made him (what he did not dream
 on)

As blest as ever was *Philemon* :
 With this exception—where no house is,
Philemon can't bring *Goody Baucis*.

Now, all the wither'd arts revive.
 Ev'n poetry aspires to thrive.
 Some faint attempts || obtain'd his praise :
 Attempts, as such, were sure to please.
 So,

† A prebend and rectory, in the diocese of
Leighlin.

|| Sometimes a story may supply the room of a
 comment. “ A nobleman, whose genteel, easy
 “ manner of moving a minuet was much admired at
 “ court, invited his tenants, one winter, to a dance
 “ in his great hall. As they had been informed of
 “ their landlord's taste for that accomplishment, they
 “ exerted their utmost activity, in awkward cuts and
 “ capers ; which made a testy, old gentleman,
 “ whisper to him.---This is, indeed, a rural enter-
 “ tainment ; for you have a *whole troop* of *satyrs*
 “ *frisking before you*.” To which his Lordship replied,
 with

So, *Fenelon*, in useful strains,
 Sings *Mentor*, on parch'd *Afric's* plains,
 Shedding celestial influence round,
 On listless men, and bootless ground;
 And changing those, once rude abodes,
 To blissful mansions, fit for Gods.

Mean time, in heav'n begins a fray,
 On th' absence of the God of day.
 Some (shameful lust of envy!) rail,
 Cloaking their hate with patriot zeal;
 And swear, his partial love for earth
 Made him forget his heav'nly birth:
 Others, from selfish rancour free,
 Extol the gen'rous absentee.

Say,

with a very humane countenance: "I am extremely
 " obliged to my good tenants, for the *uncommon*
 " diversion which they afford us. This *double*
 " *entendre* (which their vanity made them construe
 " in a favourable sense) gave new spirits to the whole
 " company: and some of those who had sat still until
 " then, ventured, with great assurance, into the
 " floor; although the generality of them were not
 " masters of any one step, and had never been taught,
 " even to make a bow."

Say, muse, for you alone can do't,
 Who chiefly manag'd the dispute.
 Proceed—that's all I meant to say.
 I only ask in *Homer's* way,
 Who sily interrupts his muse,
 To ask some admiralty news ;
 And finds it hugely necessary
 To make her act the commissary :
 For well he knew, her learned muster
 Would give his poem double lustre.
 Now—give us yours—tho' I suspect
 'Twill hardly have the same effect.

† Foremost among APOLLO's foes,
 Suspicious, wrinkled *Plutus* rose.
 Each smutted hand stood sentinel,
 To guard each pocket black as hell :
 Dread dungeons ! where his *minions* lay,
 Doom'd never to behold the day.

So

† The reader will not be surpris'd to find *Plutus* introduced at the head of this party : for it is well known, to all those, who are in the least acquainted with APOLLO's character, that he hath always treated that divinity with the utmost contempt.

So th' eastern beauty, we are told,
 Is watch'd by eunuch's, black and old,
 Who scarcely will allow the fair
 The common benefit of air,
 Although their aged tyrant's phlegm
 Permits him not t' enjoy the dame.

Bacchus assay'd to speak—in vain :
 He hickup'd, and—sat down again.

Next follow'd snarling, false-wit
Momus ;

And rev'ling, noisy, empty *Comus* ;
 And *Saturn*, with unmeaning nods,
 First alderman among the Gods ;
 Relentless *Juno*, full of pride,
 And tricking *Iris* at her side.
 Such were the pow'rs, whose jealous spite
 Made them in feeble league unite.

But *Pallas*, who had train'd his youth,
 In wisdom, shining arts, and truth,
 Drain'd all the force of sense and laws,
 In her beloved pupil's cause.

Merc'ry

Merc'ry his eloquence display'd,
 To give his tutor grateful aid.
 The Graces next, his party join,
 Assisted by us *Loyal Nine* ;
 With many more of smaller note ;
 Yet, well entitled to a vote.

All these, aloud, or praise, or blame ;
 Intent to raise, or sink his fame :
 But *Venus*, with demure behav'our,
 Whisper'd her verdict in his favour.

But while, with next to mortal rage,
 Gods against brother Gods engage ;
 Threatning *Olympus* with a battle,
 Th' event of which might have been fatal :
 Behold ! in majesty rever'd,
 Sudden, their angry fire appear'd.
 From his high throne, he look'd around,
 And silenc'd Discord as he frown'd.

“ Presumptuous, jarring Gods, said he ;
 “ Whose pow'rs are all deriv'd from me ;
 c If

" If our lov'd son be absent still,
 " He's absent by our royal will.
 " This might suffice—yet will we deign
 " Our gracious motive to explain.
 " Reflect—in *Saturn's* days and mine,
 " When rebel *Titans* dar'd combine ;
 " And with repeated, impious arms,
 " Shook Heaven's throne with loud
 alarms :
 " *Dustopia* own'd that shaking throne,
 " And made our royal cause her own.
 " We therefore, mindful of her zeal,
 " For yours and for your monarch's weal,
 " Sent bright APOLLO, for a while,
 " To cheer that loyal, drooping isle !
 " If gratitude appears on earth,
 " To heav'n the Goddess ow'd her birth :
 " Then, let her not be wholly driven,
 " To grosser earth, from purer heaven.
 " Such bliss we never gave before :
 " We ought no less—we could no more.
 " Thrice happy isle ! the boast of fame :
 " Henceforth, UTOPIA be thy name.

D

" And

“ And now, behold, he upward flies,
 “ Once more to grace his native skies.
 “ Fame and ASTRÆA, both attend ;
 “ His herald that—but this, his † *friend*.
 “ See ! how he leads, with gentle hand,
 “ His *well-match'd partner in command*.
 “ For him, to earth she ventur'd down,
 “ To share his delegated crown :
 “ With him again she soars away :
 “ Where he is not, she cannot stay :
 “ For to whatever world he flies,
 “ There his *Astræa's* heaven lies.
 “ Hail them, ye Gods : sing Iö pæan,
 “ Through all the joyful empyræan :
 “ Cease all your murmurs, and approve
 “ The faithful proxies of your Jove.
 “ Nay

† All Mythologists make APOLLO a batchelor,
 otherwise I should have given him and ASTRÆA a
 cast of my office, by marrying them together in this
 place ; being strongly prompted to it by their simi-
 litude in beneficence and probity : but *a license for*
that purpose is not to be obtained by any author, who
 hath not very great *interest in the learned world* : for
 which reason, I was obliged, to represent them only
 as *friends*.

" Nay more ; if any thing remains
 " Unfinish'd, for *Utopia's* swains,
 " They shall again — — —
 — — — — — Thou spake the God,
 Ready to give th' enforcing nod ;
 When, straight, before his throne he sees
 The sister-fates on bended knees
 (Their sacred volume spread out wide)
 With *Europe's* genius by their side.

Here I must end my alter'd tale—
 My voice grows faint---my spirits fail---
 Still hapless isle !---how shortly blest !---
 Words can no more---tears stop the rest.

As when we mourn some worthy chief,
 In all the pomp of martial grief ;
 The pointed spears, which us'd to shine,
 Advanc'd beyond the *foremost* line ;
 Now, *quite revers'd*, drag slow along,
Hindmost of all the sable throng :
 So let the muse her grief declare,
 By plaintive mottos, *in the rear*.

— *Nimium vobis hæc nostra propago
Visa potens Britones, propria hæc si dona
fuissent.*

Virgil. mutat. mutand.

Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi
* * * * *
Quam nostro illius labator pectore vultus
apud eund.

*Then he would talk — good Gods ! how he
would talk !*

Lee's Alexander.

----- *Extremum hoc accipe munus
Mærentis musæ*-----

incert. author.

F I N I S.



